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'Here are seven of your own name and race,' cried David Barry, 'men sworn to stand and fall together, who obey no commands but yours, and acknowledge no law but your will. The whitethorn of Kildinan shall leave its sacred tenement, if strong hands and brave hearts can effect its removal. If it be profanation to disturb the tree which generations have revered, the curse for sacrilege rests not with us: and did M'Adam command us to tear the blessed gold from the shrine of a saint, we would not hesitate to obey—we were but executing the will of our legal chief.'

Such was the flattering unction which the retainers of M'Adam applied to their souls, as they proceeded to desecrate the spot hallowed by the reverence of ages, and around whose holy thorn superstition had drawn a mystic circle, within whose limit human foot may not intrude. Men have not yet forgotten this lesson of the feudal school; the sack of cities, the shrieks of women, the slaughter of thousands, are yet perpetrated without ruth or remorse in obedience to superior command, and the sublime *Te Deum* swells to consecrate the savage atrocity.

On that evening M'Adam saw the beautiful whitethorn planted in his lawn, and many were the thanks and high the reward of the faithful few who rose superior to the terrors of superstition in the execution of his commands. But his surprise was great when David Barry broke in upon his morning's repose, to announce that the tree had disappeared during the night, and was again planted where it had stood for ages before, in the ancient cemetery of Kildinan. M'Adam, conjecturing that this object of the people's veneration had been secretly conveyed by them during the night to its former abode, dispatched his retainers again to fetch it, with strict injunctions to lie in watch around it till morning. The brothers, obedient to the call of their chief, brought the whitethorn back, and having supported its stem, and carefully covered its roots with rich mould, after the most approved method of planting, prepared to watch round it all night, under the bare canopy of heaven. The night was long and dark, and their eyes sleepless; the night-breeze had sunk to repose, and all nature seemed hushed in mysterious awe. A deep and undefinable feeling of dread stole over the hearts of the midnight watchers; and they who could have rejoiced in the din of battle, were appalled by this fearful calm. Obedience to the commands of M'Adam could not steel their bosoms against the goadings of remorse, and the ill-suppressed murmur rose against their sacrilegious chief. As the night advanced, impelled by some strange fear, they extended their circle round the mysterious tree. At length David, the eldest and bravest of the brothers, fell asleep. His short and fitful snatches of repose were disturbed by wild and indistinct dreams; but as his slumbers settled, these vague images passed away, and the following vision was presented to the sleeper's imagination:—

He dreamt that as he was keeping watch where he lay, by the blessed thorn of Kildinan, there stood before him a venerable man; his radiant features and shining vesture lighted all the space around, and pierced awful and far into the surrounding darkness. His hand held a crosier; his head was crowned with a towering mitre; his white beard descended to the girdle that encircled his rich pontificals; and he looked, in his embroidered 'sandal shoon' and gorgeous array, the mitred abbot of some ancient monastery, which the holy rage of the Saxon reformation had levelled in the dust. But the visage of the sainted man was fearfully severe in its expression, and the sleeping mortal fell prostrate before the unearthly eye that sent its piercing regards to search his inmost soul.

'Wretch,' said the shining apparition, in a voice of thunder, 'raise thy head and hear thy doom, and that of thy sacrilegious brothers.'

Barry did raise his head in obedience to the terrific mandate, though his soul sank within him, before his dreadful voice and eye of terror.

'Because you,' continued the holy man, 'have violated the sanctity of the place consecrated to God, you and your race shall wander homeless vagabonds, and your devoted heads, as a sign and a warning to future times, shall abide the pelting of every storm, and the severity of every changing season, unprotected by the defence which nature has bestowed upon all men, till your name and race be faded from the land.'

At this wrathful denunciation the terrified man falls prostrate to deprecate the fearful malediction, and awakes with a cry of terror which alarms the listeners. As he proceeds to reveal the terrible vision which his sleeping eyes beheld, the crash of thunder, the flash of lightning, and the sweep of the

whirlwind, envelope them. As the day dawns, they are found senseless, at a considerable distance from the spot where they had lain the preceding night to guard the fatal tree. The thorn had likewise disappeared; and, strange to relate, the raven hair which clustered in long ringlets, that any wearer of the ancient *coolin* might well have envied, no longer adorns their manly heads. The fierce whirlwind, that in mockery of human daring had tossed them, like the stubble of the field, had realized the dream of the sleeper, and borne off their long profuse hair in its vengeful sweep."

Such was the narrative of the last representative of the "Bald Barrys." I bequeath it to the reader without note or comment. He of course will regard it according to his particular bias—will wonder how an imaginative people will attribute the downfall of families, or the entailment of hereditary disease, to the effect of supernatural intervention; or exclaim, as some very pious and moral men have done, that

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

E. W.

**THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.**—How often have I seen a company of men, who were disposed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them into at least a temporary conviction that there is nothing so beautiful as female excellence, nothing so delightful as female conversation. To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions, that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and pleasing than that which is received by a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity: the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed.—*Fordyce.*

**OUR ATTACHMENT TO LIFE.**—The young man, till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and if needs were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide that smoothly bears human life to eternity, and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth—the face of town and country—the unspeakable rural solitudes—and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived—to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave! Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terribly fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me. Sun and sky, and breeze and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and jests and irony—do not these things go out with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides when you are pleasant with him?—*Life and Remains of Charles Lamb.*

A man cannot get his lesson by heart so quick as he can practise it: he will repeat it in his actions.

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